

I Love You So Much! by JoMo3

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Summary:

Mike and Eleven attend a wedding.

I Love You So Much!

She's not a superhero; she's a weirdo.

What does that matter? The X-Men are weirdos.

Well if you love her so much, why don't you marry her?

What are you talking about?

Seriously, Mike?

What?

You look at her all like "Hi El. El. El, El, El! I love you so much! Would you marry me?"

Shut up, Lucas!

It was a Friday morning and Eleven lay on her bed, hands clasped behind her head as she looked at the ceiling, lost in thought.

Yep, she told herself. This was it.

This was the day she would tell Mike she loved him.

. . .

It had been building up for some time now. She had learned the meaning of the word a few weeks ago.

She'd gone to the Wheelers house to hang out with the boys, but

gotten bored watching them play Dungeons and Dragons. So she had wandered upstairs and visited Nancy.

The two girls spent time watching what Nancy called a “cheesy romance movie” in her bedroom. When it got to a scene where the two leads declared their love for each other, El had looked to Nancy for an explanation.

“It’s when two people really care about each other,” Nancy had explained. “But there’s different kinds of love.”

“Different kinds?”

“Yeah,” Nancy said, pausing the film. “I love my mom and dad, but not the way they love each other.”

El still looked confused.

Nancy nodded at the tv. “Okay. The people in this movie love each other because they want to be around each other all of the time, and kiss and hug, and things like that. That’s one kind of love, romantic. Another kind of love is the kind where you just really care about someone. Like I love Holly, but I don’t want to kiss and hug her.”

El nodded, finally getting it. “Do you love...Jonathan?” The two had recently begun dating.

Nancy blushed. “No,” she said. “We just started dating. Usually love doesn’t happen for a long time. When you tell someone you love them, it’s important, it’s a big deal. You’re telling them they mean a lot to you, and you can’t see yourself living life without them.”

Eleven thought about that. Looking up at Nancy, she asked “Two kinds of love?”

“Yeah.”

“Hopper. I love him.”

Nancy nodded. “Right.”

Blushing, El asked, “And Mike?”

“I, uh...I don't think you should say that to him yet.”

“Why?”

“Because you're too young, and....I don't want you to say it and Mike not say it back.”

Eleven had nodded, but she knew how she felt. The way Nancy had defined love was exactly how she felt towards Mike. She knew she was young, but she knew what she felt was real.

The only thing that had stopped her from going to the basement right then and there and telling Mike she loved him was Nancy saying that Mike may not say it back. The thought of getting embarrassed like that made her chest tighten.

But here it was, two weeks later, and she'd decided she had to tell him. There had been a few times recently when it had almost come out; when the two were watching a movie in his basement, working on homework together, or just giggling about something funny that had happened.

Sitting up, she frowned. She forgot that Hopper was taking her to the dentist today for a cleaning, and Mike had a guitar lesson this afternoon (his parents had promised him a guitar if he ended the year on the honor roll).

Before feeling utterly disappointed, she remembered that tomorrow was going to be a special day and would provide the perfect opportunity to say it. Smiling, she lay back on her bed.

Tomorrow, I will tell Mike I love him , she thought.

Tomorrow was, after all, a day for love.

. . .

You are cordially invited to the wedding of Jennifer Duncan and Scott Clarke on Saturday, June 12th.

Sitting in the basement, Mike turned and turned the invitation in his hand. The wedding was tomorrow. Mr. Clarke had invited his four favorite students and their families to the wedding. Mike was bringing along El.

But looking at the invitation got him thinking about Eleven and how he felt about her.

A week ago, on the last day of school, the group had biked over to Will's for their last day of school tradition: a video game/movie marathon followed by a sleepover. Each year they held it at a different boy's house, and this year it was Will's turn. Whoever's house it was also got to pick the movies, and Will had chosen *Poltergeist* as well as *The Thing* (he chose it as a favor to Mike, knowing it was one of Mike's favorite).

They'd all been talking when Eleven excused herself to use the bathroom. Mike had watched her walk off.

Looking at Mike, Lucas shook his head.

Noticing, Mike turned to him. "What?"

"You are so gone over her," Lucas told him.

"What're you talking about?" Mike asked.

Dustin made kissing noises. "That you're in *love*."

Mike blushed again, but he couldn't get too mad at his friends. He *was* in love. He just didn't know if he was supposed to be.

Since Mike didn't argue back, or tell them to shut up, Lucas got concerned. "'What's wrong?'"

"I, uh...it's nothing."

"Mike..."

Mike sighed. "I *am* in love with her. At least I think I am, anyway."

"No shit," Dustin said.

"Yeah, really," said Lucas.

"What're you talking about?" Mike asked.

"Everybody knows you two are in love with each other," Lucas answered.

"Yeah, it's so obvious," Dustin added.

"I could tell the minute I saw you two together," added Will.

Mike blushed. "You really think she's in love with me?"

"She may not know what it is exactly, but yeah," Lucas said.

Mike couldn't stop grinning.

Since that day a week ago, he kept wondering to himself. Wasn't he too young for that? Love was something that happened later in life, not in middle school.

And yet he couldn't deny the flutter he'd get whenever she smiled at him, or the warmth he felt when they held hands, or the fact that whenever he was with her, things just felt *right*.

He knew how he felt, but wasn't sure if he was supposed to feel that way yet.

"Mike?" Nancy's voice calling downstairs pulled him from his daydreaming. "You ready?"

"Yeah!" he called back. He grabbed his guitar case and took the stairs two at a time.

Nancy was driving him to his guitar lesson in town. After stowing his guitar in the backseat, he climbed up front.

Right away, Nancy could sense something was on her brother's mind. "What's wrong?" she asked as she backed out of the driveway.

"Nothing," Mike said plainly.

"Mike, I know you well enough to know when you're being weird. No more secrets, remember?"

He sighed. "Promise you won't laugh?"

Nancy nodded. "I promise."

"I, uh...I think I'm in...love with Eleven." This last part came out rushed.

Nancy smiled. "Gee, Mike, you think?"

Mike shook his head. "I knew I shouldn't have told you..."

"No, Mike...I'm sorry. But it's pretty obvious how you two feel about each other."

"Should I tell her?"

Nancy flashed back to her conversation with El a few weeks ago. She shrugged her shoulders. She'd immediately regretted telling the young girl that Mike may not feel the same way; everybody could tell the two were in love. "I don't know, Mike. On one hand, you're kind of young."

"I know."

"But on the other hand...I guess you can't help how you feel. And anyone with eyes know that you two love each other. So...go ahead."

"Thanks, Nancy," he said, smiling.

That night, after she climbed into her bed to go to sleep, Eleven

turned on her Supercomm and called Mike.

“Yeah?” he responded.

“Did I wake you up?”

“No, El, I’m up.” He barely hid a yawn. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing, just...I missed you today.”

Mike smiled. “I missed you, too, El. Um...are you looking forward to the wedding?”

On her end, Eleven nodded her head, then after realizing he couldn’t see her, said “Yes.”

“Me too.”

“Mike...”

“Yeah?”

“Um...” she thought about telling him right now, but thought she’d rather do it in person. “What do people do at a wedding?”

“Oh. Um, well...” His thoughts went back to when he’d explained what a marriage was a few weeks ago, and Dustin had chimed in with “Yeah, like you and Mike in a few years.”

She had then asked “Will we get married?” which had made Mike blush harder than he ever had before. “M-maybe,” he’d said then. “But it happens when people, you know...get older.”

Now, he told her “Well at a wedding you watch the bride and groom get married. Then you usually eat food. And cake. And lots of times there’s dancing after you eat.”

El smiled. “I like dancing.”

“Well, I’ll dance with you, if you want to.”

“Okay.”

Mike smiled, imagining he and El slow dancing tomorrow. *Jeez* , he thought. *I really am gone over her* .

“Mike?”

“Yeah, El?”

“My Supercomm is low. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

“Okay. Goodnight, El.”

“Night, Mike.”

The next morning Eleven woke up a little earlier than usual. This being her first wedding as well as being the day she was to declare her love for Mike, she wanted to look really nice. So after eating Eggos and showering, she spent more time than usual fixing her hair and picking the right dress to wear.

At the Wheeler home, Mike stood in front of the bathroom mirror, trying to tie his tie, but not having any luck. Sighing, he called, “Dad?”

A shuffling of feet later, his dad, dressed in his own shirt and tie, looked at his son. “What’s wrong, Mike?”

“I can’t get this tie.”

“Oh. Okay.” Ted moved behind Mike. Unlooping the mangled knot, Ted asked “You must be excited for today, huh?”

“I guess,” Mike said as his father wrapped the tie around his neck and began the process of doing a Windsor knot.

“There,” Ted said, patting Mike’s shoulders. “All done.”

“Thanks,” Mike replied.

He went to his room and got the jacket he was going to wear. Giving

himself a once over in the mirror, he took a deep breath, then let it out. *You can do this*, he told himself.

Soon after, the Wheelers piled into the station wagon and went to pick up Eleven.

Mike went to the door and picked up El. She was clad in a red dress, looking nice as usual, and turning Mike into a blushing mess.

Getting into the backseat with Mike, she turned to him. "Pretty?"

"*Really* pretty," he responded.

"Really handsome," she whispered to him with a smile, making his blush spread even more.

The family arrived at the church a little less than a half hour before the wedding was scheduled to start. The adults went in to find a place to sit, taking Holly with them. Seeing Dustin, Lucas, and Will, Eleven gave Mike's hand a squeeze and the two walked over to them.

"Hey guys," Mike said to his friends.

"Wow, you look nice, El," Dustin told her.

"Thank you," she said. She looked around the entrance. "I've never been in a church before."

"My family comes here sometimes," Will said. "For the big holidays."

Just then Mr. Clarke and a man that looked like him, only a bit heavier, came down the hall.

"Hi,guys," Mr. Clarke said, grinning from ear to ear. "I'm glad you could come."

"Are you kidding? We wouldn't miss this for the world," Lucas said.

"This is my brother, Eric," Mr. Clarke said. "Eric, these are the students I was telling you about. The future of Hawkins."

Eric Clarke smiled as he shook each of their hands. "Nice to meet all

of you.”

Mr. Clarke looked at El. “Eleanor, I’m glad I ran into you. Could you do me a favor?”

Eleven looked confused. “Um...okay.”

Mr. Clarke took a small bracelet from his tuxedo pocket. “Jenny was supposed to wear this, but she forgot it this morning. I’m not supposed to see her, so could you deliver it for me?”

Eleven took the blue bracelet and nodded her head.

“Thank you,” Mr. Clarke said, giving El a friendly smile.

“See all of you in a little bit, okay?” Mr. Clarke said, grinning as he and his brother walked away.

Eleven turned to her friends. “Why can’t Mr. Clarke see her?”

“It’s a tradition,” Lucas explained. “The groom and bride aren’t supposed to see each other until they’re actually getting married.”

El scrunched her nose. “That’s weird.”

“Yeah, I know,” Lucas said.

After asking a few people, Eleven found where the bride was stationed. Once she saw her, she was taken aback. She had never met Mr. Clarke’s bride to be, but the woman looked beautiful in her puffy white dress.

“Um,” El said, holding up the bracelet. “Mr. Clarke wanted me to give you this.”

“Oh, I was wondering where that was,” Jennifer said. “Thank you so much.” Putting it onto her wrist, she glanced at El. “And who are you?”

“I’m El.”

“Are you one of Scott’s nieces?”

El didn't know what that was. Shaking her head, she said "No, I'm here with Mike."

"Oh, okay," Jennifer said. She and another woman started talking.

El couldn't help but notice how happy she was. Ever since she had come into the room, the woman hadn't stopped smiling. Curious, El asked, "Are you...happy?"

Jennifer gave her a weird (but still friendly) look. "Of course! It's my wedding day!"

"Are you happy because of...love?"

Jennifer nodded her head. "When you get older, El, and meet the love of your life, you'll be happy, too."

El gave her a smile and left. The boys were waiting in the hallway for her.

"What was she like?" Dustin asked.

El shrugged her shoulders. "She was nice. Pretty."

Just then Nancy found them and motioned for them to follow her. "Come on, it's about to start," she told them. The five kids rushed to the sanctuary.

The ceremony was nice. Mike thought that Mr. Clarke had never looked happier. His brother, Eric, was his best man. When it got time for him to kiss his new bride, Mike's eyes had met El's. They both blushed and held hands.

After the ceremony, everyone headed to the nearby reception hall. Mike's parents left to go talk to someone, and asked Mike and El to watch Holly.

"Did you like the wedding?" Mike asked Eleven.

She nodded her head.

Mike took a deep breath. *Now is the perfect time* , he told himself.
“Hey, El, I...”

He was cut short when a balled up napkin hit his head. Looking behind him, he saw Lucas and Dustin giggling at a nearby table.

“Those idiots,” Mike muttered, reaching for a napkin. That's when he noticed Holly was missing.

“Where did...El, did you see where Holly went?”

“No,” she said, looking under the table.

“ *Crap* ,” Mike said, getting up.

The two wandered the big room for a few minutes until they found Holly in a small room off of the dining room, looking at her shoes.

“ *There* you are,” Mike said.

“Mike, can you fix my shoe?” she asked.

“Come here, Holly,” Mike said, ushering his sister to a couch. Taking her foot, he began to tie her shoe.

“Mike?” Eleven asked.

“Yeah, El? Hold still, Holly.”

Eleven sat down next to him on the couch.

Eleven twisted her hands in her lap. “I wanted to tell you something.”

“Okay,” he said as he finished tying Holly’s shoe.

Blushing, she said “I...I love you.”

Mike dropped Holly’s foot.

“ *Mike* ,” his sister whined.

“You...you do?”

Turning even pinker, Eleven nodded her head and looked at her lap.

Mike blushed in return. Then, said “I lo...”

“ *There* you two are,” Karen Wheeler said, interrupting the moment. Taking Holly’s hand, she said “Mike, you can’t just take off with Holly like that. Now come on.”

Mike looked at El, and then his mom. “But...we were...”

“Let’s go ,” Karen said, giving her son “the look.”

Mike rolled his eyes, and he and El followed her back to the dining hall.

Dinner was served next. Ted and Karen Wheeler switched tables so all of the kids could sit together. Nancy saw an old classmate of hers and went off to sit with her.

“I wonder when they’re bringing out the cake,” Dustin said, looking around.

“Are you ever *not* thinking about food?” Lucas asked.

“Sometimes,” Dustin answered, trailing off.

Mike kept trying to whisper to Eleven, but Holly had come over and was sitting in El’s lap. El struggled with finishing her food while trying to keep Holly from eating it herself.

Frustrated, Mike picked up his sister and put her in the empty chair next to him.

Just as Mike leaned in to whisper to El, the DJ came on.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, please turn your eyes to the dance floor for the first dance!”

People clapped. El sat up straighter to get a look.

As the new couple began to dance, Mike took El's hand and pulled her into the hallway.

"Mike?" she asked.

"Did you mean it?" he asked her.

"What?"

"What you said before....did you mean it?"

She smiled shyly and nodded her head.

Mike smiled. "I love you, too."

She blushed. "You do?"

"Of course I do, El," he told her. "I've been...in love with you since I met you that night."

Smiling, they kissed, her arms around his neck and his on her waist.

The rest of the night went by in a blur. Although there were a lot of memorable moments (Nancy catching the bouquet, Will catching the garter, Dustin eating 6 pieces of cake and getting sick later that night) the one thing Mike would always remember was he and El telling each other the "I" word.

After the two had returned to the dining hall, they went to the dance floor when "Time After Time," El's new favorite song, started playing.

Swaying, El looked up at Mike and smiled. "I love you."

Mike couldn't hide his blush. "I love you, too."

Sitting nearby, Dustin nudged Lucas. Nodding at Mike and El, he said "Ten bucks says we're here in five years for *their* wedding."

Lucas shook his head. "No way. I'm not making that bet. They're

practically married already.”

Author's Note:

Originally, this was going to be the last story in this series, but I have a couple more story ideas in mind. Thank you to those that have read, commented, bookmarked, subscribed. It makes my day.

The next story I'll be working on is a sequel to L-O-V-E in Hawkins, hopefully it'll be out in the not too distant future.

As always, thanks for reading.